

Paradise Regain'd.

A

P O E M.

In IV BOOKS.

To which is added

Samson Agonistes.

The Author

J O H N M I L T O N.

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. E. and are to be sold by
Randal Taylor near *Stationers-Hall*.

MDC LXXXVIII.

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK I.

I Who e're while the happy Garden sung,
By one man's Disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the vast Wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious Eremit
Into the Desert, his Victorious Field
Against the Spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cri'd
Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd
With awe the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd

To the flood *Jordan*, came as then obscure,
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
 Descri'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 30 Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a Dove
 The Spirit descended, while the Fathers voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
 That heard the Adversary, who roving still
 About the world, at that Assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine
 Nigh Thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was given, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 40 To Council summons all his mighty Peers,
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold invol'd,
 A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Powers of Air and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention Air,
 This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
 Our hated habitation; well ye know
 How many Ages, as the years of men,
 This Universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
 50 In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
 Since *Adam* and his facil consort *Eve*
 Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
 Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;

And

And now too soon for us the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long threatn'd wound,
 60 At least if so we can, and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infring'd, our freedom and our being.
 In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
 For this ill news I bring, the Woman's seed
 Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born,
 His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
 All vertue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 70 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
 His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the Consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King; all come,
 And he himself among them was Baptiz'd,
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The Testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I saw
 80 The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising
 Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
 Unfold her Crystal Doors, thence on his head
 A perfect Dove descend, what e're it meant,
 And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I hear
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
 His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,
 90 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;

B

Who

Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine,
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of Nations he appear
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
 100 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruine *Adam*, and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully; a calmer Voyage now
 Will waite me; and the way found prosp'rous once
 Induces best to hope of like success.
 He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 110 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main Enterprize
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In *Adam's* overthrow, and led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
 Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
 So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
 120 His easie steps; girded with snaky wiles,
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
 This Man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd

To

To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd:
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
 Of the most High, who in full frequency bright
 Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.
 130 *Gabriel* this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verifie that solemn Message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son
 Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a Virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest.
 140 O're-shadow her: this Man born and now up-grown,
 To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine
 And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 What ere his cruel malice could invent.
 150 He now shall know I can produce a Man
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth

B 2

To

To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
 160 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
 His weakness shall o'recome Satanick strength
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate vertue I have chose
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
 170 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd,
 Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial Vertue, though untrid,
 Against what e're may tempt, what e're seduce,
 Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
 180 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
 And devillish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
 Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his brest,
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his God-like Office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading;

190 And

190 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
 With solitude, till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He entred now the bordering desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditation thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awakn'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel my self, and hear,
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 200 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd.
 When I was yet a Child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be publick good; my self I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,
 The Law of God I read and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that e're yet my age
 210 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great Feast
 I went into the Temple, there to hear
 The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own;
 And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
 To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o're all the earth
 Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
 220 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

C

And

And make perswasion do the work of fear;
 At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware
 Misled; the stubborn only to destroy.
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoyc'd,
 And said to me apart, high are thy thoughts
²³⁰ O Son, but nourish them and let them soar
 To what hight sacred vertue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high;
 By matchless Deeds expresse thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
 Though men esteem thee low of Parentage,
 Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
 A messenger from God fore-told thy Birth
 Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
²⁴⁰ Thou shouldst be great and sit on *David's* Throne,
 And of thy Kingdom there shall be no end.
 At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
 Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
 To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born,
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
 Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the Inn was left no better room:
 A Star, not seen before in Heaven appearing
²⁵⁰ Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
 To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.
 Just *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna*, warn'd
 By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake

Before

Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood,
 This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
²⁶⁰ The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
 Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefixt I waited, when behold
²⁷⁰ The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his Baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him (for it was shew'n him so from Heaven)
 Me him whose Harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won;
²⁸⁰ But as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove,
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The Authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
²⁹⁰ And now by some strong motion I am led

C 2

Into

Into this Wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld
A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
300 Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choicest Society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
310 Among wild Beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather; which might serve
Against a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
320 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass

In

In Troop or Caravan, for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcass, pin'd with hunger and with droughth?
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
330 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwelt this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
340 More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
350 Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food

D

Wandred

Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undisguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
360 Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
VWith them from blis to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
370 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demuring,
I undertook that Office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
380 To love, at least contemplate and admire
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or vertuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?

Men

Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
390 I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these Regions of the World,
If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and wo.
At first it may be; but long since with wo
400 Never acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

x more better

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
410 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns; thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendour, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the Host of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy;
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost blis, to thee no more communicable,

D 2

420 So

420 So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
 But thou art servicable to Heav'n's King.
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
 Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him
 With all inflictions, but his patience won?
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles

430 By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
 Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark
 Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct

440 To, flie or follow what concern'd him most,
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
 To thy Delusions; justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous, but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his Providence
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him or his Angels President
 In every Province, who themselves disdaining
 To approach thy Temples, give thee in command

450 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
 To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a Fawning Parasite obey'st;
 Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold.

But

But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shall thou by oracling abuse
 The Centiles; henceforth Oracles are ceast,
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
 Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or else-where,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 460 God hath now sent his loving Oracle
 Into the World to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious Hearts, and inward Oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembl'd, and this Answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me; where
 470 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more instead to lye,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
 From thee I can and must submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours't, pleasing to th'ear,
 480 And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Vertue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.

E

Thy

Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
About his Altar, handling holy things,
490 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow:
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
500 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The Desert, Fowls in their clay nests were coucht;
And now wild Beasts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the first Book.

PARADISE

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK. II.

MEan while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
10 So lately found, and so abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these
20 Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
Machærus and each Town or City wall'd
On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek:

E 2

Where

Where winds with Reeds, and Osiers whisp'ring play
 Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a Cottage low together got
 Their unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.
 30 Alas, from that high hope to what relapse
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth,
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
 The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
 Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze:
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 40 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
 Behold the Kings of the Earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what highth their pow'r unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
 Thy Glory, free thy people from their yoke,
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
 50 Sent his Anointed, and to us reaveal'd him,
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume To

To find whom at the first they found unsought:
 60 But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
 Within her brest, though calm; her brest though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubl'd thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hale highly favour'd, among Women blest;
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc't,
 70 And fears as eminent, above the lot
 Of other Women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a Shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
 A Manger his, yet soon enforc't to fly
 Thence into *Egypt*, till the Murd'rous King
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With Infant blood the streets of *Bethlehem*;
 From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
 80 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any King; but now
 Full grown to Man, acknowledged, as I hear,
 By *John* the Baptist, and in publik shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
 I look'd for some great change, to Honour? no,
 But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
 90 Spoken against, that through my very Soul
 A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,

F

My

My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself; but went about
 His Father's Business; what he meant I mus'd,
 100 Since understand; much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus *Mary* pondring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
 110 The while her Son tracing the Defart wild,
 Sole but with holiest Meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high:
 For Satan with flye preface to return
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
 Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
 Where all his Potentates in Council fate;
 120 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy
 Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from the Element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
 Powers

Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble; such an Enemy
 Is ris'n to invade us, whom no less
 Threat'ns our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 130 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd,
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labour to be undergon
 Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
 Though *Adam* by his Wives allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far,
 If he be Man by Mothers side at least,
 With more than humane gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
 140 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
 Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 150 *Belial* the dissoluteest Spirit that fell,
 The sensuallest, and after *Asmodai*
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 F 2 Many

Many are in each Region passing fair
 As the noon Skie; more like to Goddesses
 Than Mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous Arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, Virgin majesty with mild
 160 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
 Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resoluest brest,
 As the magnetic hardest Iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 170 Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build,
 And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thy self; because of old
 Thou thy self doat'st on woman-kind, admiring
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
 False titl'd Sons of God, roaming the Earth
 180 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
 And coupl'd with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
 In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay,
 Some beauty rare, *Calisto Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,

Or

Or *Anymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
 190 *Apollo*, *Neptune*, *Jupiter* or *Pan*,
 Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
 Delight not all, among the Sons of Men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?

Remember that *Pelleas* Conquerour,
 A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
 How he sirnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
 200 In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid,
 For *Solomon* he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his State;
 Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things, what Woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 210 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauties Throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
 Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell;
 How would one look from his Majestick brow
 Seated as on the top of Vertues hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout,
 All her array; her female pride deject,
 220 Or turn to reverent awe? for Beauty stands

G

In

In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her Plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden flighting quite abasht:
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more shew
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 230 Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness,
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active Scene
 240 Of various Persons each to know his part;
 Then to the Desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungry first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I have pass'd
 Wandring this woody maze, and humane Food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that Fast
 To Vertue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
 250 Or God support Nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel, I hunger, which declares

Nature

Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain
 Without this bodies wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Fathers will.

260 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
 Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
 And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
 270 He saw the Prophet also how he fled (brought:
 Into the Desert, and how there he slept
 Under a Juniper; then how awak't,
 He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
 Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
 Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
 280 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
 The morns approach, and greet her with his Song:
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,

G 2

From

From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
 But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
 290 With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
 That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
 And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 300 As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
 The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
 Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found he relief
 310 By a providing Angel; all the race
 Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heaven Manna, and that Prophet bold
 Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat,
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed:

To whom thus Jesus; what conclud'st thou hence?
 They

They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
 320 Tell me if Food were now before thee set,
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend,
 Hast thou not right to all Created things,
 Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power? nor mention I
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
 330 Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,
 Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the Elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as befits, and as her Lord
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 340 A Table richly spread, in Regal mode,
 With dishes pill'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And flavour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
 In Pastry-built, or from the spit, or boyl'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
 Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisite name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coast.
 Alas how simple, to these Cates compar'd,
 Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!

H

350 And

350 And at a stately side-board by the wine
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, distant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flowers from *Amalthea's* horn,
And Ladies of the *Hesperides*, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damfels met in forest wide
360 By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
And all the while harmonious Aires were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells,
Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
370 Defends the touching of these Viands pure,
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
380 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? Shall

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array'd in Glory on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
390 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also power to give thou seest,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
400 Of these things others quickly will dispose
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both Table and Provision vanish quite
With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his Temptation pursu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
410 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise,

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
 A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
 Bred up in poverty and streights at home;
 Lost in a Desert here and hunger-bit:
 Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence Authority deriv'd?
 What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
 420 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms;
 What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
 And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda's* Throne;
 (Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
 430 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
 While Vertue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd;
 Yet Wealth without these three is impotent,
 To gain dominion or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient Empires of the Earth,
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
 But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
 440 Whose off-spring on the Throne of *Judah* sat
 So many Ages, and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of Memorial) canst thou not remember

Quintus,

Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
 450 And what in me seems wanting, but that I
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
 Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
 The wise mans cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken Vertue, and abate her edge,
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
 What if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
 Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
 460 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepleess nights
 To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
 When on his shoulders each mans burden lies;
 For therein stands the Office of a King,
 His Honour, Vertue, Merit and chief Praise,
 That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
 Which every wise and vertuous man attains:
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 470 Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes,
 Subject himself to Anarchy within,
 Or lawless Passions in him which he serves.
 But to guide Nations in the way of truth
 By saving Doctrine, and from errour lead
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,
 Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part,
 That other o're the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind

I

So

480 So reigning can be no sincere delight.
 Besides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
 And for thy reason why they should be sought,
 To gain a Scepter, ofttest better mis't.

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK. III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc't
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 10 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast: or tongue of Seers old
 Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
 20 In battel, though against thy few in arms.
 These God-like Vertues wherefore dost thou hide?
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage Wilderness, wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self

The

The fame and glory, glory the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame
 Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 30 And dignities and powers all but the highest:
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the son
 Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere these
 Won *Asia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
 At his dispose, young *Scipio* had brought down
 The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
 The *Pontic* King and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment
 Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires
 40 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost perswade me to seek wealth
 For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect
 For glories sake by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 50 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise,
 They praise and they admire they know not what;
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.

Th'in-

Th'intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 60 This is true glory and renown, when God
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises; thus he did to *Job*,
 When to extend his fame, through Heaven and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember,
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job*?
 Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 70 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By Conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
 Great Cities by assault: what do these Worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made Captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their Conquerours, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe're they rove,
 80 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titl'd Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship't with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
 One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
 Till Conquerour Death discover them scarce men,
 Rowling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death thir due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 90 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,

K

By

By patience, temperance; I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
 Made famous in a Land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerours.
 100 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted Country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd.
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 110 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and Governs, nor content in Heaven
 By all his Angels glorifi'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us his foes pronounc't glory he exacts.

120 To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,

But

But to shew forth his goodness and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 130 And not returning what would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour obloquy?
 Hard recompence, unfutable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.
 But why should man seek glory? who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 140 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,
 Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

150 Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
 Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass:
 But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy Father David's Throne;
 By Mothers side thy Father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part

Easily

Easily from possession won with arms;
Judea now and all the promis'd land
 Reduc't a Province under *Roman* yoke,
 Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
 160 With temperate sway; oft have they violated
 The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not *Machabeus*: he indeed
 Retir'd unto the Desert, but with arms;
 And o're a mighty King so oft prevail'd
 That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
 Though Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,
 170 With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content.
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal,
 And duty; Zeal and duty are not slow;
 But on Occasions forelock watchful wait.
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free
 Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
 So shalt thou best fulfill, best verifie
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
 The happier reign the sooner it begins,
 180 Reign then; what can'st thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:
 If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roul.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first

Be

Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 190 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting.
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd; just tryal e're I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
 200 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rackt reply'd.
 Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst; worst is my Port,
 210 My harbour and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime; whatever for it self condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd; whether thou
 Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 220 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell.)
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool

L

Inter-

Interposition, as a summers cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be hast,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thy self and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their King?
 Perhaps thou lingrest in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprize so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 230 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or humane nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the *Gallilean* Towns,
 At once a year *Jerusalem*, few days
 Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
 In all things that to greatest Actions lead.
 240 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking *Asses* found a Kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The Monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
 And regal Mysteries; that thou may'st know
 250 How best their opposition to withstand.

With that (such power was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
 It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
 Th' one winding, the other streight and left between
 Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the Sea,
 Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
 260 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
 Huge Cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
 The Prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o're hill and dale,
 Forest and field, and flood, Temples and Towers
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
 270 *Araxes* and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
 As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West;
 And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
 And inaccessible the *Arabian* drouth:
 Here *Ninevee*, of length within her wall
 Several days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
 Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
 And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
 280 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David's* house
 Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
 Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persopolis*
 His City there thou seest, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
 And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates,

There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
 The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
 Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,
 290 The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,
 Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.
 All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
 By great *Arfaces* led, who founded first
 That Empire, under his dominion holds
 From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great power; for now the *Parthian* King
 In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host
 300 Against the *Scythian*, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what Martial equipage
 They issue forth, Steel Bows, and shafts their arms
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
 All Horsemen, in which fight they most excell;
 See how in warlike Muster they appear,
 In Rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He look't and saw what numbers numberless
 310 The city gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
 In coats of Mail and Military pride;
 In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
 Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
 From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,
 And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs
 Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
 From *Atropatia* and the neighbouring plains
 Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South

320 Of

320 Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* hav'n.
 He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy shower against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
 Chariots or Elephants endorft with Towers
 Of Archers, nor of labouring Pioneers
 330 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries,
 And Waggons fraught with Utenfils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern powers
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
 340 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*
 His daughter, sought by many Prowest Knights,
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemagne*.
 Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy vertue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shewn
 350 All this fair fight, thy Kingdom though foretold
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
 M Thou

Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means,
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of *David's* Throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
 360 Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
 By my advice, as nearer and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrchanus* bound,
 Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task
 To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;
 Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
 470 By him thou shalt regain, without him nor,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In *David's* royal Seat, his true Successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
 Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
 In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers't
 Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph* lost
 Thus long from *Israel*; serving as of old
 Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.
 380 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
 From *Egypt* to *Euphrates* and beyond
 Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæsar* not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.

Much

Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine Eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
 190 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the *V*World, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
*V*Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
 My time I told thee, (and that time for thee
*V*Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
 When that comes think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
 Thy politick maxims, or that cumbersome
 400 Luggage of War there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My Brethren, as thou call'st them; those ten Tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons;
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
 Of numbring *Israel*, which cost the lives
 410 Of threescore and ten thousand *Israelites*
 By three days Pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
 From God to worship Calves, the Deities
 Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Ashtaroth*,
 And all the Idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity

420 Hum-

420 Humbled themselves or penitent besought
The God of their Fore-fathers; but so dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentils, but by Circumcision vain,
And God with Idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbld, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps
430 Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them serve
Their enemies, who serve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by some wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the *Assyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
VVhen to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

440 So spake *Israel's* true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

PARADISE

Paradise Regain'd.

BOOK IV.

P Erplex'd and troubl'd at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the persuasive Rhetoric
That sleek't his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who self deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own;
10 But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach't where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foys him still;
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet moult is pow'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash't, the assault renew;
20 Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever; and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o're though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the Western side

N

Of

Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in bredth not wide,
 Wash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
 30 That screen'd the fruits of th'earth and seats of men
 From cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an Imperial City stood,
 With Towers and Temples proudly elevate
 On seven small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
 Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
 Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
 Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of Mountains interpos'd.
 40 By what strange Parallax or Optick skill
 Of vision multiplied through Air, or Glasse
 Of Telescope, were curious to enquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of Nations; there the Capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel
 50 Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*
 The Imperial Palace, compass huge, and high
 The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and Terraces, and glittering Spires.
 Many a fair Edifice besides, more like
 Houses of Gods (so well I have dispos'd
 My Aery Microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs

Carv'd

Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
 60 In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
 Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
 Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
 Hastning or on return, in robes of State;
 Licitors and rods the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
 Or Embassies from Regions far remote
 In various habits on the *Appian* road,
 Or on the *Emilian*, some from farthest South,
 70 *Syene*, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
 The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
 From the *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
 From *India* and the golden *Chersonese*,
 And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
 Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:
 From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Brittish* West,
 Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
 Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
 80 All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
 To *Rome's* great Emperour, whose wide domain
 In ample Territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, Arts, and Arms,
 And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The kingdoms of the VVorld, and all their glory.
 90 This Emperour hath no Son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
 To *Capreae* an Island small but strong

On

On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked Favourite
 All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
 Indu'd with Regal Vertues as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 100 Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
 A victor, people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
 Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On *David's* Throne, he prophes'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 110 Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On *Citron* tables or *Atlantic* stone,
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Crete*, and how they quaff in Gold,
 Crystal and Myrrhine cups imbosc'd with Gems
 120 And studs of Pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
 From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow complements and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk

Of the Emperour, how easily subdu'd,
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expell
 A brutish monster: what if I withall
 Expell a Devil who first made him such?
 130 Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That People victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
 140 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit
 On *David's* Throne, it shall be like a tree,
 Spreading and overshadowing all the Earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 150 All Monarchies besides throughout the World,
 And of my Kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means;
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent repli'd.
 I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st:
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:

O

On

On the other side know also thou, that I
 160 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
 All these which in a moment, thou behold'st,
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior Lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

170 Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain,
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition;
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written
 The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
 180 For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp't,
 Other donation none thou canst produce:
 If given, by whom but by the King of Kings,
 God over all Supreme? if given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 190 As offer them to me the Son of God,
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,

That

That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
 That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
 Be not so fore offended, Son of God;
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 200 What both from men and Angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok't and world beneath;
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
 The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
 210 And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Then to a worldly Crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd,
 When slipping from thy Mothers eye thou went'st
 Alone into the Temple; there was found
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses Chair,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then
 By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
 220 So let extend thy mind o're all the world,
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend,

All

All knowledge is not couch't in *Moses* Law,
 The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,
 The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st,
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 230 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc't.
 Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
 Westward, much nearer by Southwest, behold
 Whereon the *Ægean* shore a City stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athen's the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
 And Eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 240 City or Suburban, studious walks and shades;
 See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long,
 There flowry hill *Hymettus* with the sound
 Of Bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing; there *Ilissus* rous
 His whispering stream; within the walls then view
 The Schools of ancient Sages; his who bred
 Great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
 250 *Lyceum* there, and painted *Stoa* next:
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung, Blind

Blind *Melesigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,
 Whose Poem *Phæbus* challeng'd for his own.
 Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
 In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers best
 260 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce Democratic,
 Shook the Arsenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
 To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 270 From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
 Of *Socrates*, see there his Tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the Schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
 280 These rules will render thee a King compleat.
 Within thy self, much more with Empire joyn'd
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.
 Think not, but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I aught; he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,

Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 290 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in vertue plac'd felicity,
 But vertue joyn'd with riches and long life,
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
 The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,
 By him call'd vertue; and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
 300 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas what can they teach, and not mislead;
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 310 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awrie,
 And in themselves seek vertue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud. However many books
 Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads
 320 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
 Uncertain

Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As Children gathering pibles on the shore.
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With Music or with Poem, where so soon
 330 As in our native Language can I find
 That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
 With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
 That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
 That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own
 In Fable, Hymn, or Song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 340 Remove their swelling Epithetes thick laid
 As varnish on a Harlots cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With *Sion's* songs, to all true taste excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee;
 Unless where moral vertue is expres't
 By light of Nature not in all quite lost.
 350 Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of Eloquence, Statists indeed,
 And lovers of their Country, as may seem;
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of Civil Government
 In their Majestic unaffected stile

Then

Then all the Oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so,
360 What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow repli'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this World? the Wilderness
370 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
380 Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death,
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discern not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt.

390 Directs

390 Directs me in the Starry Rubric set.

So saying he took (for still he knew his Power
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shadowy off-spring unsubstantial both,
Privation meer of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
400 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick interwind might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
410 In ruine reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd Wilderness whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their Stiff-necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
420 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

Q

Thus

Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair
 Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray;
 VVho with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
 And now the Sun with more effectual beams,
 430 Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dri'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,
 The Prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
 440 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
 And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the North and VVest by a thick wood,
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape;
 And in a careless mood thus to him said.

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the rack
 450 As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my self
 VVas distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillard frame of Heaven,
 Or to the Earths dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze

To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 460 Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill:
 This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou did'st reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 470 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
 Ere thou of *Israels* Scepter get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies
 480 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh, what they can do as signs
 Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn

As

As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who knowing I shall raig'n past thy preventing,
 490 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious spirit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
 Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 500 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc't by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
 And of the Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
 On thy birth night, that sung thee Saviour born,
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
 510 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 520 And follow'd thee still on to this wast wild;

Where

Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my Adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent,
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 530 Proof against all temptation as a rock
 Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
 To the utmost of meer man both wise and good,
 Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
 Have been before contemn'd, and may agen:
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
 Another method I must now begin.

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
 Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air sublime
 540 Over the Wilderness and o're the Plain;
 Till underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
 The holy City lifted high her Towers,
 And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
 Of Alabaster, top't with Golden Spires:
 There on the highest Pinnacle he set
 The Son of God; and added thus in scorn:

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 Till ask thee skill; I to thy Fathers house
 550 Have brought thee, and highest plac't, highest is best.
 Now shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thy self down; safely if Son of God:
 For it is written, He will give command

R

Con-

Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: also it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God, he said and stood,
But Satan smitten with amazement fell
560 As when Earths Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove
With *Joves Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in the Air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monster that propos'd
570 Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
Cast her self headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep,
So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Oyless Triumphals of his hop't success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell and strait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
580 Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air,
Then in a flowry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial, fruits fetcht from the Tree of Life,

And

And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
590 Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heavenly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of blifs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Fathers Throne,
600 And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hath regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly blifs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
610 For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shall not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound

By

By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
 620 No triumph; in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy Demoniack holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy Legions, yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
 Lest he command them down into the deep
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,
 630 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung Victor, and from Heavenly Feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy he unobserv'd
 Home to his Mothers house private return'd.

The END.

Samson Agonistes, A DRAMATICK POEM.

The AUTHOR
 JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μιμνήσκει τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀνδράσας, &c.

*Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c. Per misericordiam
 & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*

LONDON,

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Randal Taylor*
 near Stationers-Hall, MDC LXXXVIII.